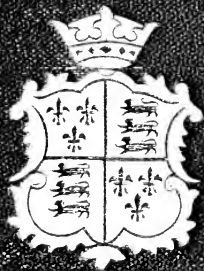


• THE TUDOR SHAKESPEARE •



• ALLS • WELL • THAT • ENDS • WELL •



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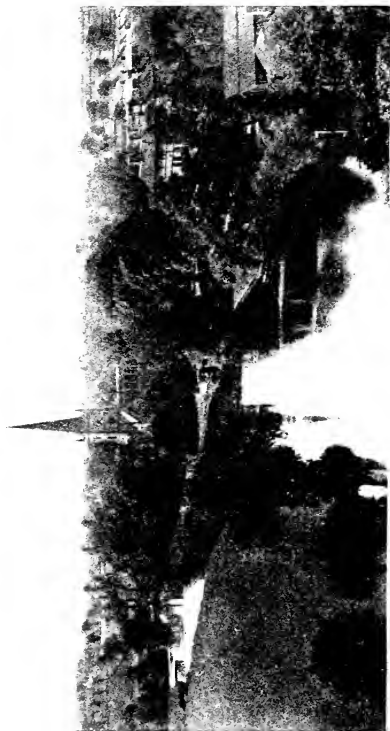
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THE TUDOR

SHAKESPEARE

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UNIV. OF CALIF.  
SOUTHERN DIV.

New York

The Macmillan Company

1922

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First edition of this issue of "All's Well that Ends Well"  
printed December, 1912



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— The only authority for the text is the First Folio (F<sub>1</sub>), and the play was recorded in the Stationers' Register, under date of November 8, 1623, among those "not formerly entered to other men." The text of 1623 is reprinted in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios. Few of Shakespeare's plays show a greater number of textual corruptions, and editorial conjectures and emendations are particularly numerous.

— The problem of the date of *All's Well that Ends Well* has been complicated by the frequent identification of the play with the *Love's Labour's Won* of Meres's list, and by the strong probability that *All's Well* as it has come down to us represents a recasting of an earlier play. There is no external evidence for the date which is convincing.

The identity of *All's Well* with *Love's Labour's Won* is unsusceptible of positive proof. The fitness of Meres's title to the present play is perhaps not open to very serious objection. *The Taming of the Shrew* has been strongly put forward as a rival claimant for the honor,<sup>1</sup> but the victory in *The Taming of the Shrew* is scarcely that of love.

<sup>1</sup> See A. H. Tolman, "Shakespeare's 'Love's Labour's Won'" in *The Views About Hamlet* (1904). pp. 245-313, reprinted from *The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago*, First Series, vol. vii, pp. 159-190.

In either case the identification rests upon the assumption that *Love's Labour's Won* has been preserved. But the loss of an early play, before Shakespeare's fame was established, is perhaps not so remarkable a thing as sometimes seems to be implied. And any argument for a date before 1598 which rests upon the supposed identification with *Love's Labour's Won* demands corroboration.

The majority of the more recent editors and commentators have seen in *All's Well* indications of both late and early work, although others have failed to recognize any evidence pointing to more than a single date of composition, at a period of transition in Shakespeare's style. The large percentage of rhymed couplets, the three stanza-groups, the Euphuism of certain passages, and "the lyrical sweetness" of others have especially been appealed to as indicating earlier workmanship. On the other hand, the strongly elliptical character of much of the blank verse, the pregnancy of diction, deep reflectiveness and "sinewy sternness" of certain passages, and the depth of insight often shown in characterization have seemed to evince decided maturity of treatment. Two dates — the one of original composition, the other of revision or recasting — have therefore very commonly been assumed. Chiefly through the influence of the supposed identity of *All's Well* with *Love's Labour's Won* the date of composition has been usually assigned to the early '90's; the date of revision, with somewhat less agreement, to the early years of the next decade.

The evidence for a very early date of composition, however, is not thoroughly convincing. The four long rhymed

passages (I. i. 231-244; II. i. 133-213; II. iii. 78-110 — excluding prose comments; II. iii. 132-151) on which the argument for the early '90's chiefly rests, differ markedly in their character from the rhymed passages of a corresponding type in the plays known to belong to that period, and the first three suggest in their structure and function a date in the later rather than the earlier years of that decade. The fourth passage (II. iii. 132-151) is freer in its construction than any of the longer rhymed passages even in the plays of the late '90's, and corresponds most closely with the groups of rhymed couplets appearing in the very latest plays, notably with *Winter's Tale*, IV. i. 1-32. Moreover, an application of the usual metrical tests to the blank verse of the passages generally recognized as "late" gives results which point to a date, for these passages, little, if any, earlier than the Romances, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. And the blank verse of the "early" portions of the play corresponds more closely to the verse of *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado*, and *Hamlet* than to that of the earliest comedies. The characterization of the King and the Countess is entirely in keeping with the treatment of men and women of advanced years in the latest plays, and the characterization in general bears few marks of the period of such plays as *Love's Labour's Lost*. Where the evidence is so largely metrical and esthetic as it is in the case of *All's Well that Ends Well*, only the most cautious statements are warranted. But so far as such evidence goes, it seems to point with considerable probability to the conclusion that the play was first written not far from the date that has of late been commonly assigned to its revision;

namely, in the period from 1598 to 1600 or 1601; and that it was worked over at a date very near that of the latest tragedies, and not long (if at all) before the Romances — say 1606-1608.

— The story of the play is drawn from the ninth novel of the third day of the *Decameron*, which Shakespeare knew as it was translated in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*. It has been suggested by Klein that the *Virginia* of Bernardo Accolti (of which there are editions from 1513 to 1535), an Italian tragi-comedy based also upon Boccaccio's story, constitutes a supplementary source, but this view has not met with acceptance, and the evidence for it is entirely unconvincing.

The most important variations between the Paynter-Boccaccio story and the play, in addition to changes of names, — Bertram for Beltramo, Helena for Giletta, — are the following: —

The Countess, Parolles, the Clown, and Lafeu are all added; Giletta of the story is rich, has refused many suitors, and has kinsfolk of her own; on her arrival in Paris, her first step is to see Beltramo; the King and not Giletta suggests as her reward the bestowal upon her of a husband, whom Giletta merely requests, thereupon, that she may choose; the choice of Beltramo is not made in his presence, but he is called in later to hear of it; after Beltramo's desertion (which is not motivated beforehand, as in the play), Giletta returns to Rossiglione, and devotes herself to the care and improvement of Beltramo's estate, rendering herself greatly beloved by his subjects; as

Beltramo does not return, Giletta sends him word that she is willing to leave Rossiglione, should that insure his return, and it is in reply to this message of Giletta that Beltramo writes his letter; when Giletta leaves, she does so publicly, telling her subjects that she has determined to spend the rest of her days in pilgrimages and devotion; the widow at whose house she stays in Florence is not Diana's mother, but a neighbor of her mother, who is also a widow and a gentlewoman; Giletta remains in Florence, after Beltramo has returned home, until the birth of twin sons; in the dénouement neither Diana nor the King is present, but Giletta simply appears, in poor apparel, with her two sons in her arms, at a feast which Beltramo is giving, and weeping, claims her rights; there is no mention whatever of a second ring.

— Owing to the rather unsympathetic character of its plot, *All's Well that Ends Well* has never been popular on the stage. There is no extant contemporary reference to it, and the first record of its performance is in 1741. It was performed a number of times during the eighteenth century, notably by John Kemble, and was revived at least twice in the nineteenth century. But on none of these occasions does the venture seem to have met with great success.

— In the absence of any certainty regarding the date of *All's Well that Ends Well*, it is impossible to speak with assurance of its relations to contemporary drama. The play has been very commonly associated with *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*. With the former it agrees in the

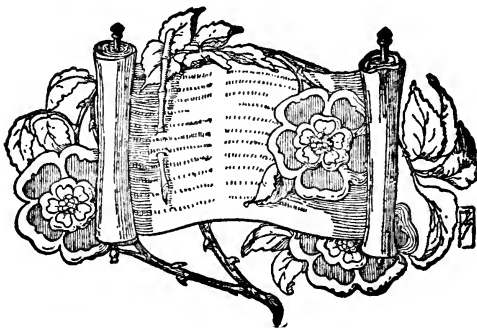
repellent device by which the dénouement is brought about, and it shares with both a more or less cynical and ironic tone. This atmosphere of disillusion which pervades the three plays has been interpreted by many critics as the expression of a mood through which Shakespeare himself was passing, — “a mood of contemptuous depreciation of life,” — and has been frequently brought into connection with the supposed intrigue which underlies the Sonnets. But such an explanation of the play is, to say the least, of very questionable validity. The somberness of mood and the combined bitterness and levity which have been seen in the plays have often been taken too seriously. And the temporary preoccupation of a powerful and supremely sane mind with the more repellent phenomena of life and character may not legitimately be interpreted as indications of morbid introspection or personal disillusionment on the part of Shakespeare himself.

— The style of the play, as has already been pointed out, is remarkably uneven. In the dialogue, for example, between the King and Helena, in Act II, Scene i, blank verse which combines the utmost flexibility of rhythm with a richly connotative diction and embodies a brooding, reminiscent reflectiveness, passes, without change of speakers or theme, into rhymed couplets, in which the subject in hand is overlaid with the commonplace of reflection, and the diction is relatively bare of suggestion. In the first scene of the play Helena speaks in two quite different sorts of blank verse — the one clear, flowing, and mature; the other alliterative, conceited, and antithetical — and also in rhymed couplets. These are

fairly typical cases, and the result for the play as a whole is a curious effect of uneven texture, almost of stratification. The play abounds in obscurities of phrase, which are partly due to corruption of the text, partly to the tendency toward compressed and elliptical expression which marked the later stages of Shakespeare's development.

— That the play has any definite ethical purpose, or is intended to teach any specific lesson, one may safely doubt. It was inevitable that Shakespeare, in dealing with the materials which he found, should set himself to motivate more fully the actions involved, and should so throw into stronger relief moral values. All the stories of the third day of the *Decameron* deal with "the adventures of such persons as have acquired, by their diligence, something greatly wanted by them." In all the stress is laid on the gratification of sensual desire, and even in the story of Giletta of Narbonne it is upon the device by which the heroine fulfils her husband's condition that the emphasis falls. In *All's Well*, on the other hand, the purity and strength of Helena's character, as Shakespeare conceived it, carries with it a marked shift of values. But just this change of emphasis itself involves a difficulty, for the very nobility of Helena's nature renders the story which Shakespeare retained less plausible. It is this discord, which even Shakespeare's art has not wholly resolved, that accounts, in large measure, for a certain distaste which the play inspires in the minds of most of its readers, and this effect is heightened by the particularly unlovable character of Bertram, and the rather

hard and unsympathetic portrayal of Parolles. But it was on the indomitable and fearless purity of Helena herself that Shakespeare's interest centered; and despite the dissonance referred to, it is the character of Helena, as set off and softened by the grave sweetness and dignity of the Countess and the King, which gives to the play its permanent appeal.





**All's Well that Ends Well**

1772

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old lord

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Two French Lords.

Steward,

LAVACHE, a Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, } neighbors and friends to the Widow.

MARIANA, }

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*]

# All's Well that Ends Well



## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Enter young Bertram, Count of Rousillon, his mother [the Countess of Rousillon], Helena, and Lord Lafeu, all in black.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection. 5

*Laf.* You shall find of the King a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance. 10

*Count.* What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, 15  
under whose practices he hath persecuted time  
with hope, and finds no other advantage in the  
process but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, 20  
— O, that "had"! how sad a passage 'tis!  
— whose skill was almost as great as his  
honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have  
made nature immortal, and death should have  
play for lack of work. Would, for the King's  
sake, he were living! I think it would be the 25  
death of the King's disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speak of,  
madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession,  
and it was his great right to be so, — Gerard de 30  
Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed, madam. The  
King very lately spoke of him admiringly and  
mourningly. He was skilful enough to have  
liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against 35  
mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the King lan-  
guishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before. 40

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises. Her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity: they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness: she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have —

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy  
father 70

In manners, as in shape! Thy blood and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend 75  
Under thy own life's key. Be check'd for  
silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more  
will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck  
down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell! My lord,  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, 80  
Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit.*]

*Ber.* [*To Helena.*] The best wishes that can be  
forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you! 85  
Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress,  
and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the  
credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*]

*Hel.* O, were that all! I think not on my father,  
 And these great tears grace his remembrance  
                   more 91  
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
 I have forgot him. My imagination  
 Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.  
 I am undone! There is no living, none, 95  
 If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one  
 That I should love a bright particular star  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me.  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. 100  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself.  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a  
                   plague,  
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, 105  
 In our heart's table; heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

*Enter Parolles.*

[*Aside.*] One that goes with him. I love him  
                   for his sake; 110  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,





virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion; away with't!

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin. 145

*Par.* There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin. Virginity murders itself, and should be buried in high-ways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't! Within ten year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't!

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that 165  
 ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose  
 the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less  
 worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible; answer  
 the time of request. Virginity, like an old  
 courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly 170  
 suited, but unsuitable, — just like the  
 brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not  
 now. Your date is better in your pie and your  
 porridge than in your cheek; and your virgin-  
 ity, your old virginity, is like one of our French  
 wither'd pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; 175  
 marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly  
 better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will  
 you anything with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet . . .

There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
 A mother and a mistress and a friend, 181  
 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
 A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
 A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
 His humble ambition, proud humility, 185  
 His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
 His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
 Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
 That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —  
 I know not what he shall. God send him well! 190  
 The court's a learning place, and he is one —

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well. 'Tis pity —

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't, 195

Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends,

And show what we alone must think, which

never

Returns us thanks.

200

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit.*]

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star. 205

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars hath so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars. 210

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage. 215

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell! When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is it which mounts my love so  
high,  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove

To show her merit, that did miss her love?  
 The King's disease — my project may deceive me,  
 But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.  
*Exit.*

## SCENE II

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, [Lords] and divers attendants.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears,  
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
 A braving war.

*1. Lord.*                                 So 'tis reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 'tis most credible. We here receive  
 it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,     5  
 With caution that the Florentine will move us  
 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
 To have us make denial.

*1. Lord.*                                 His love and wisdom,  
 Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead     10  
 For amplest credence.

*King.*                                     He hath arm'd our answer,  
 And Florence is denied before he comes.  
 Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see

The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It well may serve 15  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here ?

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

1. *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good  
lord,  
Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.  
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20  
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral  
parts

Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father and myself in friendship 25  
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplined of the bravest. He lasted long ;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me 30  
To talk of your good father. In his youth  
He had the wit which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted

Ere they can hide their levity in honour 35  
So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40  
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below  
him

He us'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man 45  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them  
now

But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb.  
So in approval lives not his epitaph 50  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* Would I were with him! He would always  
say —

Methinks I hear him now! His plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there and to bear, — "Let me not  
live," 55

Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

When it was out, — “Let me not live,” quoth  
he,

“After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgements  
are 61

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-  
stancies

Expire before their fashions.” This he wish'd;

I after him do after him wish too,

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, 65

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,

To give some labourers room.

2. *Lord.*

You're loved, sir;

They that least lend it you shall lack you  
first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't. How long is't,  
Count,

Since the physician at your father's died? 70

He was much fam'd.

*Ber.*

Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him yet.

Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out

With several applications. Nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count; 75

My son's no dearer.

*Ber.*

Thank your Majesty.

*Exeunt. Flourish.*



## SCENE III

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.*

*Count.* I will now hear. What say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them. 5

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah. The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe. 'Tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours. 10

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow. 15

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may. 20

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Service 25  
is no heritage; and I think I shall never have  
the blessing of God till I have issue o' my  
body; for they say barnes are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it. I am 30  
driven on by the flesh; and he must needs  
go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, 35  
such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature,  
as you and all flesh and blood are; and,  
indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wicked- 40  
ness.

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope  
to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

*Clo.* Y' are shallow, madam, in great friends; for 45  
the knaves come to do that for me which I  
am aweary of. He that ears my land spares  
my team and gives me leave to in the crop. If  
I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that  
comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh 50  
and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and

blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsom-e'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd. 55

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave? 60

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

“For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find: 65  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.”

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you. Of her I am to speak. 70

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

*Clo.* [*Sings.*]

“Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy? 75

Fond done, done fond, . . .

Was this King Priam's joy?  
 With that she sighed as she stood,  
 With that she sighed as she stood,  
 And gave this sentence then; 80  
 Among nine bad if one be good,  
 Among nine bad if one be good,  
 There's yet one good in ten."

*Count.* What, one good in ten? You corrupt the  
 song, sirrah. 85

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which  
 is a purifying o' the song. Would God would  
 serve the world so all the year! We'd find  
 no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the  
 parson. One in ten, quoth 'a! An we might 90  
 have a good woman born but o'er every  
 blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould  
 mend the lottery well; a man may draw his  
 heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I com-  
 mand you. 95

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command,  
 and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no  
 puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear  
 the surplice of humility over the black gown  
 of a big heart. I am going, forsooth. The 100  
 business is for Helen to come hither. *Exit.*

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do. Her father bequeath'd her to 105  
me ; and she herself, without other advantage,  
may lawfully make title to as much love as she  
finds. There is more owing her than is paid,  
and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than 110  
I think she wish'd me. Alone she was, and  
did communicate to herself her own words to  
her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her,  
they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her  
matter was, she lov'd your son. Fortune, 115  
she said, was no goddess, that had put such  
difference betwixt their two estates ; Love no  
god, that would not extend his might, only  
where qualities were level ; [Diana no] queen  
of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight 120  
surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault  
or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the  
most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard  
virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speed-  
ily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the  
loss that may happen, it concerns you some- 125  
thing to know it.

*Count.* You have discharg'd this honestly ; keep it  
to yourself. Many likelihoods inform'd me of

this before, which hung so tottering in the  
 balance that I could neither believe nor mis- 130  
 doubt. Pray you, leave me. Stall this in your  
 bosom ; and I thank you for your honest care.  
 I will speak with you further anon.

*Exit Steward.*

*Enter Helena.*

Even so it was with me when I was young.

If ever we are nature's, these are ours. This  
 thorn 135

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

By our remembrances of days foregone, 140

Such were our faults, or then we thought them  
 none.

Her eye is sick on't ; I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam ?

*Count.* You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother. 145

Why not a mother ? When I said "a mother,"

Methought you saw a serpent. What's in  
 "mother,"

That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;

And put you in the catalogue of those  
 That were enwomb'd mine. 'Tis often seen 150  
 Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds  
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds.  
 You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
 Yet I express to you a mother's care.  
 God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood 155  
 To say I am thy mother ? What's the matter,  
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
 The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?  
 Why ? That you are my daughter ?

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam ;  
 The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother. 161  
 I am from humble, he from honoured name ;  
 No note upon my parents, his all noble.  
 My master, my dear lord he is ; and I  
 His servant live, and will his vassal die. 165  
 He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother ?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam ; would you were, —  
 So that my lord your son were not my brother, —  
 Indeed my mother ! Or were you both our mothers,  
 I care no more for than I do for heaven, 170  
 So I were not his sister. Can 't no other,  
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield you mean it not ! daughter and mother  
 So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again ? 175  
 My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see  
 The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
 Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross  
 You love my son. Invention is asham'd,  
 Against the proclamation of thy passion, 180  
 To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;  
 But tell me then, 'tis so ; for, look, thy cheeks  
 Confess it, the one to the other ; and thine eyes  
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours  
 That in their kind they speak it. Only sin 185  
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
 That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?  
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;  
 If it be not, forswear't. Howe'er, I charge thee,  
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 190  
 To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me !

*Count.* Do you love my son ?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress !

*Count.* Love you my son ?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam ?

*Count.* Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,  
 Whereof the world takes note. Come, come,  
 disclose 195

The state of your affection ; for your passions  
 Have to the full appeach'd.



*Hel.*

Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son. 200

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my  
love.

Be not offended; for it hurts not him  
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him; 205

Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve  
I still pour in the waters of my love  
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like, 210  
Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love  
For loving where you do; but if yourself, 215

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love, O, then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose 220  
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, — speak truly, —  
To go to Paris?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? Tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear. 226

You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience had collected  
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 231  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were  
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy approv'd set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof 235  
The King is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? Speak.

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this,  
Else Paris and the medicine and the King  
Had from the conversation of my thoughts 240  
Haply been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help. How shall they  
credit 245

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,

Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The danger to itself ?

*Hel.* There's something in't,  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt 250  
Shall for my legacy be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven ; and, would your  
honour  
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure  
By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Dost thou believe't ?

*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly. 256

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,  
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt. 260  
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

*Exeunt.*



## ACT SECOND

### SCENE I

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram and Parolles.*

*King.* Farewell, young lords! these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you; and you, my lords, fare-  
well!

Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

1. *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir, 5  
After well ent'red soldiers, to return  
And find your Grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords! 10  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy, —  
Those bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy, — see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it. When 15

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2. *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your Majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.

They say our French lack language to deny 20  
If they demand. Beware of being captives  
Before you serve.

*Both.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell. — Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

1. *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind  
us!

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2. *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

*Par.* Most admirable! I have seen those wars. 26

*Ber.* I am commanded here, and kept a coil with  
"Too young" and "the next year" and "'tis  
too early."

*Par.* An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 30  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn  
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Par.* Commit it, Count.

2. *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell. 35

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd  
body.

1. *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles !

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. 40  
 Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good  
 metals : you shall find in the regiment of the  
 Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,  
 an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek, —  
 it was this very sword entrench'd it ; — say to 45  
 him, I live ; and observe his reports for me.

1. *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices ! What will  
 ye do ?

*Ber.* Stay, the King ! 50

[*Re-enter the King.*]

*Par.* [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to  
 the noble lords ; you have restrain'd your-  
 self within the list of too cold an adieu. Be  
 more expressive to them ; for they wear them-  
 selves in the cap of the time, there do muster 55  
 true gait, eat, speak, and move under the  
 influence of the most receiv'd star ; and  
 though the devil lead the measure, such are to  
 be followed. After them, and take a more  
 dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so. 60

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most  
sinewy swordmen.

*Exeunt [Bertram and Parolles].*

*Enter Lafeu.*

*Laf.* [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my  
tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands, that has brought his  
pardon. 65

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,  
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across; but, my good lord, 'tis thus:  
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity? 71

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?  
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if  
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a  
medicine 75

That's able to breathe life into a stone,  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary  
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,  
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand 80  
And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this ?

*Laf.* Why, Doctor She ! My lord, there's one arriv'd,  
 If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,  
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke 85  
 With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,  
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
 Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see  
 her, —  
 For that is her demand, — and know her business ?  
 That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
 Bring in the admiration, that we with thee 91  
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
 By wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
 And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues. 95

[*Re-enter Lafeu.*]

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*Enter Helena.*

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

This is his Majesty ; say your mind to him.  
 A traitor you do look like, but such traitors



His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,  
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. 101

*Exit.*

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father ;  
In what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards  
him ; 106

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling, 110  
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so ;  
And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, 115  
I come to tender it and my appliance  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned doctors leave us, and  
The congregated college have concluded 120  
That labouring art can never ransom Nature  
From her inaidable estate ; I say we must not  
So stain our judgement or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady  
 To empirics, or to dissever so 125  
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
 A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains.  
 I will no more enforce mine office on you ;  
 Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130  
 A modest one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.  
 Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I  
 give

As one near death to those that wish him live ;  
 But what at full I know thou know'st no part, 135  
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do can do no hurt to try,  
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.  
 He that of greatest works is finisher  
 Oft does them by the weakest minister : 140  
 So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,  
 When judges have been babes ; great floods have  
 flown

From simple sources, and great seas have dried  
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.  
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there 145  
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits  
 Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

*King.* I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind  
 maid !

Thy pains not us'd must by thyself be paid.

Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward. 150

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.

It is not so with Him that all things knows

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;

But most it is presumption in us when

The help of Heaven we count the act of men. 155

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;

Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim ;

But know I think and think I know most sure

My art is not past power nor you past cure. 161

*King.* Art thou so confident ? Within what space

Hop'st thou my cure ?

*Hel.* The great'st grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring, 165

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd her sleepy lamp,

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly, 170

Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence

What dar'st thou venture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,

Traduc'd by odious ballads, my maiden's name 175  
 Sear'd otherwise ; nay, worse of worst extended,  
 With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak  
 His powerful sound within an organ weak ;  
 And what impossibility would slay 180  
 In common sense, sense saves another way.  
 Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate  
 Worth name of life in thee hath estimate, —  
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
 That happiness and prime can happy call : 185  
 Thou this to hazard needs must intimate  
 Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.  
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
 That ministers thine own death if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property 190  
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,  
 And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee ;  
 But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven. 195

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand  
 What husband in thy power I will command ;  
 Exempted be from me the arrogance  
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France,  
 My low and humble name to propagate 200  
 With any branch or image of thy state :

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd.     205

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must, —  
Though more to know could not be more to  
trust, —

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ; but  
rest     210

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.  
Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the  
height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed and lowly  
taught. I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court ! Why, what place make     5  
you special, when you put off that with such  
contempt ? But to the court !

- Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But for me, I have an answer will serve all men. 10
- Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions. 15
- Clo.* It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.
- Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions? 20
- Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin. 25
- Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 30
- Clo.* From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.
- Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands. 35

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier : it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier? 40

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! — There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you. 45

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! — Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! — Nay, put me to't, I warrant you. 50

*Count.* You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! — Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't. 55

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever. 60

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir! — Why, there't serves well  
again. 65

*Count.* An end, sir. To your business! Give Helen  
this,

And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.

This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them. 70

*Count.* Not much employment for you. You  
understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. *Exeunt [severally].*

### SCENE III

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

*Laf.* They say miracles are past; and we have our  
philosophical persons, to make modern and fa-  
miliar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence  
is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing  
ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we 5  
should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that  
hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 'tis.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists, — 10



*Par.* So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows, —

*Par.* Right ; so I say.

15

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable, —

*Par.* Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be help'd, —

*Par.* Right ; as 'twere a man assured of a —

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

20

*Par.* Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed ; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — what do ye call there ?

25

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it ; I would have said the very same.

30

*Laf.* Why, your Dauphin is not lustier. 'Fore me, I speak in respect —

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the —

35

*Laf.* Very hand of Heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak —

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great tran-

40

scendence ; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the King, as to be —

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

*Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it ; you say well. Here 45  
comes the King.

*Laf.* *Lustig*, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

*Par.* *Mort du vinaigre !* is not this Helen ? 50

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive 55  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful  
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use. Thy frank election make ; 61  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
 Fall, when Love please! Marry, to each but one!

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture, 65  
 My mouth no more were broken than these boys',  
 And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well.  
 Not one of those but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
 Heaven hath through me restor'd the King to  
 health. 70

*All.* We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
 That I protest I simply am a maid.  
 Please it your Majesty, I have done already.  
 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, 75  
 "We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be re-  
 fus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,  
 We'll ne'er come there again."

*King.* Make choice and see,  
 Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80  
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
 Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

*1. Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than throw  
 names-ace for my life. 85

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
 Before I speak, too threateningly replies.  
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
 Her that so wishes and her humble love !

2. *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive, 90  
 Which great Love grant ! and so, I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her ? An they were sons  
 of mine, I'd have them whipp'd ; or I would  
 send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take ; 95  
 I'll never do you wrong for your own sake.  
 Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed  
 Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have  
 her. Sure, they are bastards to the English ; 100  
 the French ne'er got 'em.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,  
 To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet ; I am sure thy father 105  
 drunk wine : — but if thou be'st not an ass, I  
 am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee  
 already.

*Hel.* [To *Bertram.*] I dare not say I take you ; but I  
 give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110  
 Into your guiding power. This is the man.

*King.* Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your Highness,

In such a business give me leave to use 114  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King.* Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well; 120  
She had her breeding at my father's charge.  
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever!

*King.* 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which  
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods, 125  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st 130  
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.  
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.  
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,

It is a dropsied honour. Good alone 135  
 Is good, without a name. Vileness is so ;  
 The property by what it is should go,  
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;  
 In these to nature she's immediate heir,  
 And these breed honour. That is honour's scorn,  
 Which challenges itself as honour's born 141  
 And is not like the sire. Honours thrive,  
 When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave  
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave 145  
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said ?  
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest. Virtue and she 150  
 Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive  
to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad.

Let the rest go. 155

*King.* My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,  
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love and her desert ; that canst not dream,  
We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 161

Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not know,  
 It is in us to plant thine honour where  
 We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt ;  
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good ; 165  
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
 Which both thy duty owes and our power claims ;  
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170  
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and  
 hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
 Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit  
 My fancy to your eyes. When I consider 175  
 What great creation and what dole of honour  
 Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late  
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
 The praised of the King ; who, so ennobled,  
 Is as 'twere born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, 180  
 And tell her she is thine ; to whom I promise  
 A counterpoise, if not to thy estate  
 A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune and the favour of the King  
 Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony 185  
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night. The solemn feast  
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
 Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err. 190

*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles, who  
 stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

*Laf.* [*Advancing.*] Do you hear, monsieur ? A  
 word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his  
 recantation. 195

*Par.* Recantation ! My lord ! My master !

*Laf.* Ay ; is it not a language I speak ?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be understood  
 without bloody succeeding. My master !

*Laf.* Are you companion to the Count Rou- 200  
 sillon ?

*Par.* To any count, to all counts, to what is  
 man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man. Count's master  
 is of another style. 205

*Par.* You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you, you  
 are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ; to  
 which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do. 210

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a  
 pretty wise fellow. Thou didst make tolerable



vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel 215 of too great a burden. I have now found thee. When I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity 220 upon thee, —

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well! Thy casement I 225 need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy 230 of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser. 235

*Laf.* Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with 240

thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and 245  
my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past,  
as I will by thee, in what motion age will give  
me leave. *Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace  
off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, 250  
I must be patient; there is no fettering of au-  
thority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet  
him with any convenience, an he were double  
and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of  
his age than I would have of — I'll beat him, 255  
an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter Lafeu.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's  
news for you. You have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to  
make some reservation of your wrongs. He is 260  
my good lord; whom I serve above is my  
master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost  
thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? Dost 265

make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee. Methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 270

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You are a vagabond and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.* 280

*Re-enter Bertram.*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then. Good, very good; let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What's the matter, sweetheart? 285

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What, what, sweetheart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. 290

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother; what the  
import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy,  
to the wars! 295

He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high cur-  
vet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! 300  
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,  
Therefore, to the war!

*Ber.* It shall be so. I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King 305  
That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields  
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this *capriccio* hold in thee? Art sure? 310

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away. To-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis  
hard!

A young man married is a man that's marr'd; 315

Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go.  
The King has done you wrong ; but, hush, 'tis so.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Enter Helena and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly. Is she well ?

*Clo.* She is not well, but yet she has her health.  
She's very merry, but yet she is not well ; but  
thanks be given, she's very well and wants  
nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well. 5

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail, that  
she's not very well ?

*Clo.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two  
things.

*Hel.* What two things ? 10

*Clo.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God  
send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth,  
from whence God send her quickly !

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady !

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have 15  
mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on ; and

to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, 20  
I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, 25  
and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away! thou'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a 30  
knave. This had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was 35  
profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night; 40  
A very serious business calls on him.  
The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-  
ledge;  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with  
sweets, 45

Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the King,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strength'ned with what apology you think 51  
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In everything I wait upon his will. 55

*Par.* I shall report it so. *Exit Parolles.*

*Hel.* I pray you.

Come, sirrah. *Exeunt.*

### SCENE V

[*Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Enter Lafeu and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony. 5

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark  
for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in  
knowledge and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinn'd against his experience and 10  
transgress'd against his valour ; and my state  
that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find  
in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I  
pray you, make us friends ; I will pursue the  
amity. 15

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* [*To Bertram.*] These things shall be done,  
sir.

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

*Par.* Sir ?

*Laf.* O, I know him well, I, sir ; he, sir, 's a good 20  
workman, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the King ?

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night ?

*Par.* As you'll have her. 25

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given order for our horses ; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
End ere I do begin.

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end 30  
of a dinner ; but one that lies three thirds and



uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur? 35

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence. 40

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur! I have 50  
spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.]

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so. 55

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,  
Spoke with the King and have procur'd his leave  
For present parting ; only he desires 61  
Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.  
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office 65  
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
For such a business ; therefore am I found  
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat  
you

That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you ; 70  
For my respects are better than they seem,  
And my appointments have in them a need  
Greater than shows itself at the first view  
To you that know them not. This to my mother :  
[Giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so 75  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant, —

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that 79

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that go.

My haste is very great. Farewell ; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say ?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is ; 85  
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have ?

*Hel.* Something ; and scarce so much. Nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord.  
Faith, yes ! 90

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

*Ber.* Where are my other men ?

*Hel.* Monsieur, farewell !

*Exit.*

*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I will never come  
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, *coragio !*

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THIRD

### SCENE I

[*Florence. The Duke's palace.*]

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, the two French Lords, with a troop of soldiers.

*Duke.* So that from point to point now have you heard  
The fundamental reasons of this war,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your Grace's part ; black and fearful 5  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much our cousin France  
Would in so just a business shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield 10  
But like a common and an outward man  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion ; therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail 15  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

2. *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nature,  
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be ;  
And all the honours that can fly from us 20  
Shall on them settle. — You know your places  
well ;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell.  
To-morrow to the field. *Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

*Count.* It hath happen'd all as I would have had it,  
save that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a  
very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you ? 5

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot and sing ;  
mend the ruff and sing ; ask questions and  
sing ; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man  
that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly  
manor for a song. 10

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he  
means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court.

Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are  
 nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' 15  
 the court. The brains of my Cupid's knock'd  
 out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves  
 money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. *Exit.* 20

[*Count.* *Reads*] a letter. "I have sent you a daugh-  
 ter-in-law; she hath recovered the King, and  
 undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded  
 her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal.  
 You shall hear I am run away: know it before 25  
 the report come. If there be breadth enough  
 in the world, I will hold a long distance. My  
 duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30  
 To fly the favours of so good a king,  
 To pluck his indignation on thy head  
 By the misprising of a maid too virtuous  
 For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within be- 35  
 tween two soldiers and my young lady!

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some

comfort. Your son will not be kill'd so soon  
as I thought he would. 40

*Count.* Why should he be kill'd ?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he  
does. The danger is in standing to't. That's  
the loss of men, though it be the getting of  
children. Here they come will tell you more ; 45  
for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Helena and the two French Lords.*

1. *Lord.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Lord.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience, pray you. Gentlemen,  
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, 51  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray  
you ?

2. *Lord.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Flor-  
ence.

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came, 55  
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon  
my finger which never shall come off, and show 60  
me a child begotten of thy body that I am

father to, then call me husband ; but in such a  
 'then' I write a 'never.'"

This is a dreadful sentence. 64

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

*1. Lord.* Ay, madam ;

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

*Count.* I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,

Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son ;

But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70

And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is  
 he ?

*2. Lord.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a soldier ?

*2. Lord.* Such is his noble purpose ; and, believe't,

The Duke will lay upon him all the honour 74

That good convenience claims.

*Count.* Return you thither ?

*1. Lord.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

*Hel.* [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing  
 in France."

'Tis bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there ?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

*1. Lord.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,  
 which his heart was not consenting to. 80

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife !  
 There's nothing here that is too good for him





That chase thee from thy country and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the non-sparing war? And is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110  
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,  
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; 115  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected. Better 'twere  
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rou-  
sillon,  
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all. I will be gone. 125  
My being here it is that holds thee hence.  
Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house  
And angels offic'd all. I will be gone,  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130  
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. *Exit.*

## SCENE III

[*Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*]

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles,  
Soldiers, drum and trumpets.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art ; and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake 5  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth ;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress !

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. 11

*Exeunt omnes.*

## SCENE IV

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?  
Might you not know she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

[*Stew. Reads*] *letter.*

"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.  
 Ambitious love hath in me so offended, 5  
 That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war  
 My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.  
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10  
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify.  
 His taken labours bid him me forgive.  
 I, his spiteful Juno, sent him forth  
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
 Where death and danger dogs the heels of  
 worth.  
 He is too good and fair for death and me, 16  
 Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

[*Count.*] Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,  
 As letting her pass so. Had I spoke with her, 20  
 I could have well diverted her intents,  
 Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam ;  
 If I had given you this at over-night,  
 She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she  
 writes,  
 Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.*

What angel shall 25

Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,  
 Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to  
 hear

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,  
 To this unworthy husband of his wife. 30

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth  
 That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,  
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger.  
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone, 35

He will return; and hope I may that she,  
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
 To make distinction. Provide this messenger. 40  
 My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;  
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V

[*Florence. Without the walls.*] *A tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, her daughter, [Diana,]  
 Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come; for if they do approach the  
 city, we shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say the French count has done most honourable service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their great'st commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way. Hark ! you may know by their trumpets. 5

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl. The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty. 10

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion. 15

*Mar.* I know that knave, hang him ! one Parolles ; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. 20 25 30

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter Helena [disguised like a Pilgrim].*

*Wid.* I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound? 35

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? *A march afar.* 40

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is't. Hark you! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess 45

As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours 50

That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The Count Rousillon. Know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him.

His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsome'er he is,  
 He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
 As 'tis reported, for the King had married him 56  
 Against his liking. Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth. I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the Count  
 Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name? 60

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O, I believe with him.  
 In argument of praise, or to the worth  
 Of the great Count himself, she is too mean  
 To have her name repeated. All her deserving  
 Is a reserved honesty, and that 65  
 I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!  
 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
 Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ay, right! Good creature, wheresoe'er she is,  
 Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might  
 do her 70  
 A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?  
 May be the amorous Count solicits her  
 In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does indeed;  
 And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
 Corrupt the tender honour of a maid. 75





*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier ! 95

*Exeunt [Bertram, Parolles, and army].*

*Wid.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring  
you

Where you shall host. Of enjoyn'd penitents  
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI

*[Camp before Florence.]*

*Enter Bertram and the French Lords, as at first.*

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't ; let  
him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,  
hold me no more in your respect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him ?

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct  
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak

of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable  
coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly  
promise-breaker, the owner of no one good  
quality worthy your lordship's entertainment. 10

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing  
too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he  
might at some great and trusty business in a  
main danger fail you. 15

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to  
try him.

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his  
drum, which you hear him so confidently  
undertake to do. 20

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will sud-  
denly surprise him ; such I will have, whom I  
am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will  
bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall  
suppose no other but that he is carried into  
the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring  
him to our own tents. Be but your lordship  
present at his examination ; if he do not, for  
the promise of his life and in the highest com-  
pulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and  
deliver all the intelligence in his power against  
you, and that with the divine forfeit of his  
soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in  
anything. 25 30

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch 35

his drum ; he says he has a stratagem for't.  
 When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not  
 John Drum's entertainment, your inclining  
 cannot be removed. Here he comes. 40

*Enter Parolles.*

1. *Lord.* [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of  
 laughter, hinder not the honour of his design.  
 Let him fetch off his drum in any hand. 45

*Ber.* How now, monsieur ! this drum sticks sorely  
 in your disposition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go ; 'tis but a  
 drum.

*Par.* "But a drum" ! is't "but a drum" ? A  
 drum so lost ! There was excellent command,  
 — to charge in with our horse upon our own  
 wings, and to rend our own soldiers ! 50

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blam'd in the com-  
 mand of the service ; it was a disaster of war  
 that Cæsar himself could not have prevented,  
 if he had been there to command. 55

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our suc-  
 cess. Some dishonour we had in the loss of  
 that drum ; but it is not to be recovered. 60

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might ; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or "*hic jacet.*" 65

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur : if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness. 70 75

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening ; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation ; and by midnight look to hear further from me. 80

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it ? 85

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou'rt valiant ; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

*Par.* I love not many words.

*Exit.*

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't? 95

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after. 100

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1. *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost emboss'd him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 105

2. *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. 114

1. *Lord.* I must go look my twigs. He shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

2. *Lord.* As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you  
The lass I spoke of.

*1. Lord.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once  
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to  
her, 121

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,  
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:  
Will you go see her?

*1. Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. 125

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE VII

[*Florence. The Widow's house.*]

*Enter Helena and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses, 5  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;  
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken  
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, 10

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you ;  
For you have show'd me that which well approves  
You're great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far, 15  
Which I will over-pay and pay again  
When I have found it. The Count he woos your  
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her. Let her, in fine, consent  
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20  
Now his important blood will nought deny  
That she'll demand. A ring the County wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds  
In most rich choice ; yet in his idle fire, 26  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful, then. It is no more 30  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent. After this,



To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns 35  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded.  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,  
That time and place with this deceit so lawful  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd 40  
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then to-night  
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed 45  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.  
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT FOURTH

### SCENE I

[Without the Florentine camp.]

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.*

1. *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will. Though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter. 5

1. *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? **Knows** he not thy voice? 10

1. *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1. *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1. *Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me. 15

1. *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his

own fancy ; not to know what we speak one to 20  
another, so we seem to know, is to know straight  
our purpose : choughs' language, gabble  
enough, and good enough. As for you, inter-  
preter, you must seem very politic. But couch,  
ho ! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, 25  
and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill  
be time enough to go home. What shall I say  
I have done ? It must be a very plausible in-  
vention that carries it. They begin to smoke 30  
me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often  
at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-  
hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars  
before it and of his creatures, not daring the  
reports of my tongue.

*1. Lord.* [*Aside, in ambush.*] This is the first 35  
truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake  
the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of  
the impossibility, and knowing I had no such  
purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, 40  
and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight  
ones will not carry it. They will say, "Came  
you off with so little ?" And great ones I  
dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance ? 45

Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword. 50

1. *Lord.* We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem. 55

1. *Lord.* 'Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

1. *Lord.* Hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel — 60

1. *Lord.* How deep?

*Par.* Thirty fathom.

1. *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. 65

*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's. I would swear I recover'd it.

1. *Lord.* You shall hear one anon.

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's, —

*Alarum within.*

1. *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, car-* 70  
*go.*

*All.* Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo,  
cargo.

*Par.* O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.  
[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

*1. Sold.* *Bosko thromuldo boskos.* 75

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment,  
And I shall lose my life for want of language.  
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll  
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine. 80

*1. Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:* I understand thee, and  
can speak thy tongue. *Kerelybonto*, sir, betake  
thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at  
thy bosom.

*Par.* O! 85

*1. Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray! *Manka revania  
dulche.*

*1. Lord.* *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

*1. Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;  
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on 90  
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform  
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O, let me live!  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that 94  
Which you will wonder at.

*1. Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

1. *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*

Come on ; thou art granted space.

*Exit [with Parolles guarded]. A short alarum within.*

1. *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,  
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him  
muffled 100

Till we do hear from them.

2. *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1. *Lord.* 'A will betray us all unto ourselves :  
Inform on that.

2. *Sold.* So I will, sir. 104

1. *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*Florence. The Widow's house.*]

*Enter Bertram and the maid called Diana.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, 5  
You are no maiden, but a monument.

When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;

And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got. 10

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No;

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that.

I prithee, do not strive against my vows.  
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee 15  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us  
Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn !

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth, 21  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true!

What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the High'st to witness ; then, pray you,  
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes 25

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding,  
To swear by Him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against Him ; therefore your  
oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30  
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it !

Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires, 35  
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever  
My love as it begins shall so persever.

*Dia.* I see that men make rope's in such a scarre  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no power 40  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord ?

*Ber.* It is an honour longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring, 45  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring !  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.



*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window.

I'll order take my mother shall not hear. 55

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know  
them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd ; 60

And on your finger in the night I'll put

Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then ; then, fail not. You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done. 65

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*]

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both Heaven and  
me !

You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,

As if she sat in 's heart. She says all men 70

Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me

When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so  
braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid.

Only in this disguise I think't no sin 75

To cozen him that would unjustly win. *Exit.*

## SCENE III

[*The Florentine camp.*]

*Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.*

2. *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

1. *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since. There is something in't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he chang'd almost into another man. 5

2. *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

1. *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you. 10

2. *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it. 15

1. *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour. He hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition. 20

2. *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion ! As we are ourselves, what things are we !

1. *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 25 30

2. *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ?

1. *Lord.* Not till after midnight ; for he is dieted to his hour. 35

2. *Lord.* That approaches apace. I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit. 40

1. *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

2. *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars ? 45

1. *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

2. *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

1. *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then ? Will he travel higher, or return again into France ? 50

2. *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

1. *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act. 55

2. *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplish'd; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven. 60

1. *Lord.* How is this justified?

2. *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place. 65

1. *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence? 70

2. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

1. *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this. 75

2. *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

1. *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that

his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at 80  
home be encount' red with a shame as ample.

2. *Lord.* (The web of our life is of a mingled  
yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would  
be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not ; and  
our crimes would despair, if they were not 85  
cherish'd by our virtues.)

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now ! where's your master ?

*Mess.* He met the Duke in the street, sir, of  
whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His  
lordship will next morning for France. The 90  
Duke hath offered him letters of commenda-  
tions to the King.

1. *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there,  
if they were more than they can commend.

*Enter Bertram.*

2. *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the 95  
King's tartness. Here's his lordship now.  
How now, my lord ! is't not after midnight ?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen busi-  
nesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract  
of success. I have congied with the Duke, 100  
done my adieu with his nearest ; buried a  
wife, mourn'd for her ; writ to my lady mother  
I am returning ; entertain'd my convoy ; and

between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs. The last was the greatest, 105  
but that I have not ended yet.

1. *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as 110  
fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier. 115

1. *Lord.* Bring him forth. Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to 125  
be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confess'd?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has 'a?

1. *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be 130  
read to his face. If your lordship be in't, as

I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Enter Parolles with [First Soldier as] his Interpreter.*

*Ber.* A plague upon him! Muffled! He can say nothing of me. Hush! hush! 135

*2. Lord.* Hoodman comes! *Portotartarossa.*

*1. Sold.* He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint. If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 140

*1. Sold.* *Bosko chimurco.*

*2. Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

*1. Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note. 145

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*1. Sold.* [*Reads.*] "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong." What say you to that? 150

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

*1. Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so? 155

*Par.* Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

2. *Lord.* You're deceiv'd, my lord; this is 160  
Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, —  
that was his own phase, — that had the whole  
theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the  
practice in the chape of his dagger.

1. *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for 165  
keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can  
have everything in him by wearing his apparel  
neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I 170  
will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, for  
I'll speak truth.

2. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the na-  
ture he delivers it. 175

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a  
truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

1. *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Demand of him, of what 180  
strength they are a-foot." What say you to  
that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this  
present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: —  
Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so



many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; 185  
 Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii,  
 two hundred fifty each; mine own company,  
 Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred  
 fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and  
 sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen 190  
 thousand poll; half of the which dare not  
 shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest  
 they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

2. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. 195  
 Demand of him my condition, and what credit  
 I have with the Duke.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

[*Reads.*] "You shall demand of him, whether  
 one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a French- 200  
 man; what his reputation is with the  
 Duke; what his valour, honesty, and expert-  
 ness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not  
 possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to  
 corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to 205  
 this? What do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the  
 particular of the inter'gatories. Demand  
 them singly.

1. *Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain? 210

*Par.* I know him. 'A was a botcher's 'prentice  
 in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for

getting the shrieve's fool with child, — a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; 215  
though I know his brains are forfeit to the next  
tile that falls.

1. *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of  
Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy. 220

2. *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear  
of your lordship anon.

1. *Sold.* What is his reputation with the  
Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knows him for no other but 225  
a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this  
other day to turn him out o' the band. I think  
I have his letter in my pocket.

1. *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know. Either 230  
it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's  
other letters in my tent.

1. *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read  
it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no. 235

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

2. *Lord.* Excellently.

1. *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Dian, the Count's a fool, and  
full of gold," —

*Par.* That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that

is an advertisement to a proper maid in 240  
 Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the al-  
 lurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle  
 boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you,  
 sir, put it up again.

1. *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour. 245

*Par.* My meaning in't, I protest, was very  
 honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew  
 the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivi-  
 ous boy, who is a whale to virginity and de-  
 vours up all the fry it finds. 250

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue!

1. *Sold.* [*Reads.*]

“When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold,  
 and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score.

Half won is match well made; match, and well  
 make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before; 255

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss;

For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear, 260

PAROLLES.”

*Ber.* He shall be whipp'd through the army with  
 this rhyme in 's forehead.

1. *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier. 265
- Ber.* I could endure anything before but a cat; and now he's a cat to me.
1. *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.
- Par.* My life, sir, in any case: not that I am 270  
afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.
1. *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you 275  
confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour; what is his honesty?
- Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a clois- 280  
ter. For rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules; he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his 285  
best virtue, for he will be swine drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything 290

that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

2. *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat. 295

1. *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians. To belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain. 300

2. *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him. 305

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a cat still.

1. *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt. 310

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. *Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain? 315

1. *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1. *Sold.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest ; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp. 320

1. *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ? 325

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1. *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure. 330

*Par.* [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming ; a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ? 335

1. *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head. 340

*Par.* O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death ! 345

1. *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave

of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*] So,  
look about you. Know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

1. *Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles. 350

2. *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

1. *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my  
Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

2. *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy  
of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the 355  
Count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward,  
I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

*Exeunt [Bertram and Lords].*

1. *Sold.* You are undone, captain, all but your  
scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot? 360

1. *Sold.* If you could find out a country  
where but women were that had received so  
much shame, you might begin an impudent nation.  
Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too.  
We shall speak of you there. 365

*Exit [with Soldiers].*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful. If my heart were  
great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall. Simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-  
gart, 370

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass  
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
 Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live  
 Safest in shame! Being fool'd, by foolery  
 thrive!  
 There's place and means for every man alive. 375  
 I'll after them. *Exit.*

## SCENE IV

[*Florence. The Widow's house.*]

*Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd  
 you,  
 One of the greatest in the Christian world  
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis  
 needful,  
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.  
 Time was, I did him a desired office, 5  
 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
 And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd  
 His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place  
 We have convenient convoy. You must know, 10  
 I am supposed dead. The army breaking,  
 My husband hies him home; where, Heaven  
 aiding,



And by the leave of my good lord the King,  
We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant to whose trust 15  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,  
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompense your love. Doubt not but Heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's  
dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive 20  
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they  
hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play  
With what it loathes for that which is away. 25  
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you. 30  
But with the word the time will bring on sum-  
mer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away.

Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us.  
 All's well that ends well! Still the fine's the  
 crown; 35

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-  
 taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron  
 would have made all the unbak'd and doughy  
 youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-  
 in-law had been alive at this hour, and your 5  
 son here at home, more advanc'd by the King  
 than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him. It was  
 the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman  
 that ever Nature had praise for creating. If 10  
 she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the  
 dearest groans of a mother, I could not have  
 owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We  
 may pick a thousand salads ere we light on 15  
 such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram  
 of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

- Laf.* They are not [salad] herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20
- Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.
- Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself a knave or a fool?
- Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's. 25
- Laf.* Your distinction?
- Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.
- Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed. 30
- Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.
- Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool. 35
- Clo.* At your service.
- Laf.* No, no, no.
- Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.
- Laf.* Who's that? A Frenchman? 40
- Clo.* Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.
- Laf.* What prince is that?
- Clo.* The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil. 45
- Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee

not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of. Serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of 50  
ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter. Some that humble themselves may; 55  
but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would 60  
not fall out with thee. Go thy ways. Let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. *Exit.*

*Laf.* A shrewd knave and an unhappy. 66

*Count.* So 'a is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him. By his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has 70  
no pace, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon

his return home, I moved the King my master 75  
to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which,  
in the minority of them both, his Majesty,  
out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first  
propose. His Highness hath promis'd me to  
do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath 80  
conceived against your son, there is no fitter  
matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and  
I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His Highness comes post from Marseilles, 85  
of as able body as when he number'd thirty.  
'A will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by  
him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

*Count.* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see 90  
him ere I die. I have letters that my son will  
be here to-night. I shall beseech your lordship  
to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners  
I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable 95  
privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold  
charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son  
with a patch of velvet on's face. Whether 100

there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that. 105

*Clo.* But it is your carbonado'd face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you. long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man. 110

*Exeunt.*



## ACT FIFTH

### SCENE I

[*Marseilles. A street.*]

*Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting day and night  
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:  
But since you have made the days and nights  
as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold you do so grow in my requital 5

*Enter a Gentle Astringer.*

As nothing can unroot you. In happy time  
This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to 15  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the King,  
And aid me with that store of power you have 20  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The King's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir!

*Gent.* Not, indeed.  
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet, 25  
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir, 30  
Since you are like to see the King before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,  
Which I presume shall render you no blame  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, 36  
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.  
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.]



## SCENE II

[*Rousillon. Inner court of the Count's palace.*]

*Enter Clown and Parolles.*

*Par.* Good Master Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure. 5

*Clo.* Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of. I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind. 10

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further. 15

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh! prithee, stand away. A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter Lafeu.*

Here is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, — but not a musk-cat, — that has fallen 20

into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally 25 knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 'Tis 30 too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'écu* for you. Let 35 the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a simple penny more. Come, you shall ha' 't; save your word. 40

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than word, then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found 45 me!

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The King's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, 55 inquire further after me. I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Flourish.* Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem  
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege;  
And I beseech your Majesty to make it 5  
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady,

I have forgiven and forgotten all ;  
 Though my revenges were high bent upon him, 10  
 And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,  
 But first I beg my pardon, the young lord  
 Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady  
 Offence of mighty note ; but to himself  
 The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife 15  
 Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
 Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,  
 Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to  
 serve  
 Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost  
 Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him  
 hither ; 20  
 We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
 All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon.  
 The nature of his great offence is dead,  
 And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
 The incensing relics of it. Let him approach, 25  
 A stranger, no offender ; and inform him  
 So 'tis our will he should.

*1. Lord.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

*King.* What says he to your daughter ? Have you  
 spoke ?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters  
sent me 30

That sets him high in fame.

*Enter Bertram.*

*Laf.* He looks well on't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once. But to the brightest beams 34  
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth ;  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole ;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time  
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord ?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege. At first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart 45  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen, 50  
Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous object. Thence it came  
 That she whom all men prais'd and whom myself,  
 Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
 The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd. 55

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
 From the great compt ; but love that comes too late,  
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
 Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our rash  
 faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
 Not knowing them until we know their grave.  
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
 Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.  
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done, 65  
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
 Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin.  
 The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay  
 To see our widower's second marriage-day, 70  
 Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless !  
 Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
 Must be digested, give a favour from you  
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, 75  
 That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*]  
 By my old beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not. 80

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitated to help, that by this token 85  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave  
her

Of what should stand her most?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it.  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought 95  
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd

In heavy satisfaction and would never 100  
 Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,  
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
 Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas  
 Helen's,  
 Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know 105  
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-  
 ment  
 You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety  
 That she would never put it from her finger,  
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110  
 Where you have never come, or sent it us  
 Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;  
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
 Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove 115  
 That thou art so inhuman, — 'twill not prove  
 so ; —  
 And yet I know not : thou didst hate her deadly,  
 And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close  
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
 More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120  
 [*Guards seize Bertram.*]  
 My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,



Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him !  
We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy 125  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.  
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130  
Who hath for four or five removes come short  
To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know  
Is here attending. Her business looks in her 135  
With an importing visage ; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your Highness with herself.

[*King. Reads*] a letter. "Upon his many protes-  
tations to marry me when his wife was dead, 140  
I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the  
Count Rousillon a widower ; his vows are for-  
feited to me, and my honour's paid to him.  
He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I

follow him to his country for justice. Grant it 145  
me, O king! In you it best lies. Otherwise  
a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET."

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in law in a fair, and toll  
for this. I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee,  
Lafeu, 150  
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors.  
Go speedily and bring again the Count.  
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter Bertram [guarded].*

*King.* I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you, 155  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

*Enter Widow and Diana.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capilet.  
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, Count; do you know these  
women? 165

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine; 170  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;  
You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,  
Either both or none. 175

*Laf.* Your reputation comes too short for my  
daughter; you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your  
Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend  
Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your  
honour  
Than in my thought it lies.

*Dia.* Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think 185  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord,  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price. 190  
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,  
Whose high respect and rich validity  
Did lack a parallel ; yet for all that  
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 'tis hit. 195  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,  
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife ;  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought you said  
You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loath am to produce  
So bad an instrument. His name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

*Ber.* What of him ?  
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, 205  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd,  
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.  
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,  
That will speak anything ?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think she has. Certain it is I lik'd her, 210  
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.  
She knew her distance and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, 215  
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate. She got the ring;  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient.  
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife, 220  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet, —  
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband, —  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger. 226

*King.* Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being abed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth. 230

*Enter Parolles.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, 235  
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,  
By him and by this woman here what know you?

*Par.* So please your Majesty, my master hath been  
an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had  
in him, which gentlemen have. 240

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love  
this woman?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a 245  
woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave.

What an equivocal companion is this! 250

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's com-  
mand.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty  
orator.

*Dia.* Do you know he promis'd me marriage? 255

*Par.* Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go be-

tween them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her; for indeed he was mad for her, 260 and talk'd of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what. Yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things 265 which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore, I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. 270 This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it, then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways, 276 How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife. 280

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away; I do not like her now.

To prison with her ; and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this  
ring, 284

Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty. 290

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't :

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life ;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

*King.* She does abuse our ears. To prison with her ! 295

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir,  
[Exit Widow.]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,

And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him. 300

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,

And at that time he got his wife with child.

Dead though she be, she feels her young one  
kick.

So there's my riddle : one that's dead is quick ;

And now behold the meaning.



*Re-enter Widow, with Helena.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? 306  
Is't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord;  
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both. O, pardon!

*Hel.* O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 310  
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;  
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says:  
"When from my finger you can get this ring  
And are by me with child," etc.

This is done.

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won? 315

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you!  
O my dear mother, do I see you living? 320

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.  
[*To Parolles.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a hand-  
kercher. So,  
I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport  
with thee.

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know, 325

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*To Diana.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped  
flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. 330

Of that and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express.

All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*Flourish.*

[EPILOGUE]

[*King.*] The king's a beggar, now the play is done. 335

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content ; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day.

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. 340

*Exeunt omnes.*



## Notes

**Act First, Scene i.** The play is divided into acts in the Folio; the scene divisions and notes of place have been added by later editors. The stage directions are in the main those of the Folio, with some later expansions and additions, distinguished by brackets.

I. i. 10-12. **whose worthiness . . . abundance.** Even if the King lacked kindness, your worthiness would inspire it; how much more, then, shall you find it, when it is already present in abundance.

I. i. 51. **simpleness.** Absence of the complexity which exists where mind and qualities do not accord. Helena's disposition and gifts are of a piece.

I. i. 69. **How understand we that?** Lafeu's difficulty is not with Bertram's words, but with the preceding speech of the Countess, who has given to Lafeu's commonplace observation a turn suggested by her suspicion (cf. I. iii. 127) that the living Bertram is the enemy to Helena's sorrow for her dead father. Meantime Bertram has been quick to change the subject.

I. i. 70-81. Compare Polonius's advice to Laertes, *Hamlet*, I. iii. 59-80.

I. i. 81, 82. He is sure to have the best advice that those who love him can give.

I. i. 91. **these great tears.** The tears which Helena sheds for Bertram, but which the others suppose to be for her father.

I. i. 100. **sphere.** Cf. especially *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 15.

I. i. 114. **take place.** Take precedence.

I. i. 121-179. This passage has been regarded by many editors as an interpolation — a view to which its seeming inconsistency with Helena's character, as well as the break in the connection at its close, lends some color. But it should also be remembered that many things which are distasteful to us were not so to an Elizabethan audience, or even to Shakespeare.

I. i. 172. **toothpick.** Toothpicks were actually worn, either in the hat or on a ribbon.

I. i. 180. **There.** The break in the connection makes the reference obscure. *There* has been interpreted variously as referring to the Court, to Helena herself, and even to both, on the supposition that Helena secretly means herself, but ostensibly (for Parolles's benefit) the Court.

I. i. 199, 200. **show . . . thanks.** The contrast is between *showing* ("with effects," by deeds) and merely *thinking*, which never yields us gratitude.

I. i. 218. **of a good wing.** A term of praise, as applied to a falcon, but used here with a quibble on the other sense of *flight*.

I. i. 237, 238. Those who are sundered by the greatest disparity of fortune nature (through the affections) brings together, so that they join like things that are alike and native to each other. For *space in fortune*, cf. I. iii. 115-117; for *kiss*, cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 388, 389.

I. i. 240. **weigh their pains in sense.** Estimate their labors on the basis of mere reason, instead of daring greatly.

I. ii. 41. **his hand.** The clock's hand; *its* rarely occurs in Shakespeare.

I. ii. 43. He treated as strangers, or, as being of higher rank than they were.

I. ii. 44, 45. Making . . . humbled. Making them proud through his condescension, and humbling himself n receiving the inadequate praise which it called forth. The passage is perhaps corrupt.

I. ii. 54, 55. Probably a reminiscence of the Collect in the *Book of Common Prayer*: "Grant . . . that the words which we have heard with our outward ears may . . . be so grafted inwardly . . . that they may bring forth the fruit of good living." (Knight.)

I. ii. 68. lend it you. Give you love.

I. iii. 19. to go to the world. To be married.

I. iii. 45. Y'are shallow . . . in great friends. Your knowledge of great friends is not profound.

I. iii. 55, 56. Charbon . . . Poysam. It has been conjectured plausibly that the words may stand for *Chair-bonne* and *Poisson*, and may refer to the respective Lenten fare of the Puritan and the Papist.

I. iii. 64-67. Cf. the lines of a ballad published in 1577.

Content yourself as well as I,  
 Let reason rule your mind :  
 As cuckolds come by destiny  
 So cuckoos sing by kind.

I. iii. 74-83. Probably also adapted from a contemporary ballad. With the first line compare Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, xiii. 92:

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,  
 And burn'd the topless towers of Ilium?"

I. iii. 91. **o'er every blazing star.** Over (that is, during the time of) every comet. Collier reads *one* for *o'er*, Capell, *or*.

I. iii. 99. A reference to the Puritan aversion to the surplice, for which the black Geneva gown was substituted.

I. iii. 100. **big heart.** Haughty spirit.

I. iii. 135. **these.** Such pains of love as Helena is undergoing. The idea is at once made explicit in "This thorn."

I. iii. 169-171. **Or were you . . . not his sister.** If you were the mother of both of us, I should care for it as I care for heaven, if only thereby I were not his sister. *No more than* is litotes.

I. iii. 208. **captious and intenable** ( $F_1$  *intemible*). If *captious* means "able to contain" or "capacious," as it is commonly interpreted, it appears nowhere else in this sense; and *intenable* ("incapable of retaining") is found only here. Singer suggests that *captious* has the sense of "deceitful, fallacious," and that the reference may be to the sieve of the Danaides. The phrase, as it stands, seems to mean a deceptive sieve that will not hold.

I. iii. 219. **both herself and love.** Chastity and passion together.

I. iii. 230. **For general sovereignty.** As of sovereign and universal value.

I. iii. 231. **In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them.** To treasure them up with the utmost care.

I. iii. 232, 233. **notes . . . note.** Prescriptions the virtues of which were more comprehensive than was matter of common knowledge.

II. i. 1, 2. **lords . . . lords.** The Cambridge editors

suggest that "probably the young noblemen are divided into two sections as they intend to take service with the Florentines or 'Senoy's.'"

II. i. 6. **After well ent'red soldiers.** After being well initiated as soldiers.

II. i. 12-14. **higher Italy . . . monarchy.** The passage is probably corrupt. *Higher Italy* has been variously interpreted as "Upper Italy," and "the worthiest among Italians." *The last monarchy* has been explained as Rome, and as the empire of Charles V.

II. i. 27. **I am . . . kept a coil.** I have a fuss made about me.

II. i. 30. **the forehorse to a smock.** A lady's usher.

II. i. 54, 55. **wear themselves in the cap of the time.** Are in the height of fashion. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 233.

II. i. 55, 56. **muster true gait.** Apparently, make a parade of the correct gait. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, II. iii. 28-32; *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 755.

II. i. 70. **across.** By a clumsy or unskilful stroke. Cf. *Much Ado*, V. i. 139; *As You Like It*, III. iv. 44-47.

II. i. 87, 88. **hath amazed . . . weakness.** My amazement is too great to be accounted for by imputing it to my weakness.

II. i. 138. **set up your rest.** Make up your mind. A phrase from the game of primero, but frequently used in a figurative sense as here.

II. i. 158, 159. **proclaim . . . aim.** I do not insincerely claim powers for myself contrary to what I know I can effect.

II. i. 166. **murk.** Either noun or adjective.

II. i. 176. **nay . . . extended.** What is worst, drawn

out to what is even worse. For a fuller statement of the same idea, cf. *King Lear*, IV. i. 8, 9; 27-30. The passage is obscure: see Textual Variants.

II. i. 180, 181. And . . . way. That which seems impossible in the light of everyday reason, sounder reason may accept on other grounds.

II. i. 183. in thee hath estimate. May be reckoned as thine.

II. i. 190, 191. finch . . . spoke. Fall short in what pertains to my promise.

II. i. 194. make it even. Carry it out.

II. ii. 23. French crown. Bald head. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. ii. 99. For *taffeta punk*, cf. *1 Henry IV*, I. ii. 10.

II. ii. 24. Tib's . . . forefinger. The rush ring was used in rustic marriage ceremonies, especially those of a somewhat equivocal character. *Tom* and *Tib* are cant terms for lad and lass; cf. Jack and Jill.

II. ii. 25. a pancake for Shrove Tuesday. A reference to the old custom of eating pancakes on the last day before Lent.

II. iii. 7. argument of wonder. Amazing affair.

II. iii. 31. Dauphin.  $F_1$  reads *Dolphin*, a common spelling of Dauphin. It is possible that a pun is intended.

II. iii. 64. to each but one. To each *only* one. Some editors understand, to each *save* one (*i.e.* Bertram).

II. iii. 83. All the rest is mute. I have nothing more to say to you. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 369.

II. iii. 85. Ames-ace. The lowest throw at dice. Lafeu is speaking ironically.

II. iii. 134. swell's. Swell us.



II. iii. 136. **Vileness is so.** *I.e.* vileness is vile, without a name.

II. iii. 156. **which to defeat.** Which peril to my honor to avert.

II. iii. 161. **poising us in.** Throwing our own weight into.

II. iii. 186. **Shall . . . brief.** Perhaps, must show itself as following promptly upon the contract that has just been made. But the line is obscure.

II. iii. 188. **Shall . . . space.** Shall be longer delayed.

II. iii. 211. **for two ordinaries.** For the space of two meals.

II. iii. 237. **pull at a smack of the contrary.** There's a dash of the opposite (*i.e.* folly) in the dram you have to drink.

II. iii. 242. **in the default.** If necessary.

II. iii. 247. **will.** Will pass.

II. iii. 260. **make some reservation of your wrongs.**  
Keep your insults to yourself.

II. v. 3. **valiant approof.** Proved valor.

II. v. 30-34. **Lafeu** is continuing his gibing remarks that have been interrupted, at l. 21, by the asides between Bertram and Parolles, and ll. 30-34 are directed against Parolles.

II. v. 40. **him that leap'd into the custard.** A reference to a not uncommon custom for the Fool at state banquets. Cf. Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, Act I, sc. i:

He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,  
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-Nothing  
And take his Almain leap into a custard.

II. v. 42. **your residence.** Your remaining in it (*i.e.* in my displeasure).

II. v. 64. **holds not colour with.** Is not in keeping with.

II. v. 66. **on my particular.** On my part — to be connected with *required*.

III. i. 11-13. **an outward . . . motion.** An outsider who has to form his conception of a council by means of his own feeble intelligence.

III. ii. 7. **the ruff.** The ruff around the top of the boot, which it was the fashion of the time to wear.

III. ii. 14. **old ling.** Kinnear conjectured *codlings*, raw youths.

III. ii. 34. **For the contempt of empire.** For even an emperor to disdain.

III. ii. 92, 93. **has . . . to have.** An obscure passage. Perhaps has a deal of that over-confidence which avers (*holds*) his high endowments. Or, possibly, which keeps him from having much, being worth much.

III. ii. 113. **the still-peering air.** Numerous emendations for this passage have been suggested. The reading of the text (without the hyphen) is that of F<sub>1</sub>. Ff<sub>2-4</sub> have *still piercing*. Steevens's emendation *still-piecing* (*i.e.* "continually closing up") has been adopted by many editors. But it seems more probable that *peering* has here the common sense of "showing itself, appearing," so that the phrase would mean "the air that ever presents itself (as a mark)."

III. ii. 124. **Whence.** From the wars, where, etc.

III. iv. 4. **Saint Jaques' pilgrim.** A pilgrim to one of the shrines of Saint James.

III. iv. 27, 28. **whom . . . grant.** A confused construc-

tion. *Whom* taken with *delights* refers to *her*; taken with *loves*, to *prayers*.

III. v. 25. **dissuade succession.** Dissuade others from following the same course.

III. v. 55. **bravely taken.** Regarded as brave.

III. v. 62. **In argument of praise.** So far as praise-worthiness is concerned.

III. v. 62. **to.** As compared with.

III. vi. 41. **John Drum's entertainment.** Often in the form "Jack (or Tom) Drum's entertainment" (cf. V. iii. 322). The phrase was proverbial for a beating, or for maltreatment of various sorts. Cf. Holinshed: "Tom Drum his entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by bothe the shoulders;" Withal's *Dictionarie*: "Hee thrust him foorth of doores by head and shoulders, as they say, Jack Drum's entertainment." It is not necessary to suppose that there is any reference to Marston's play, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1600).

III. vi. 66. or "**hic jacet.**" Or you may write my epitaph.

III. vi. 81. **mortal preparation.** Preparation for death.

III. vi. 115. **my twigs.** Cf. III. v. 26.

III. vi. 122. **that we have i' the wind.** On whose scent we are.

III. vii. 3. **But I shall lose,** etc. Without losing. Bertram is the only witness she can call, and to do that would be to frustrate her plan.

III. vii. 9. **to your sworn counsel.** Under pledge of secrecy.

III. vii. 21. **important blood.** Urgent passion.

III. vii. 26. most rich choice. Highest estimation.

IV. i. 46. Bajazet's mule. No explanation of this reference has been found. Perhaps it is Parolles's mistake for Balaam's ass.

IV. i. 99. woodcock. The stock emblem of stupidity. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 92; *Hamlet*, I. iii. 115, etc.

IV. ii. 38. Make rope's in such a scarre. A hopelessly obscure and probably corrupt passage, for which numerous unsatisfactory emendations have been proposed. As the line stands, 's in *rope's* (Ff<sub>1-2</sub>; *ropes*, Ff<sub>3-4</sub>) presumably represents *us*; a *scarre* is a cliff or precipice. The general sense — that men somehow bring women to such a pass that they forget themselves — is clear enough. More detailed explanation is futile.

IV. ii. 62. Another ring. This second ring is Shakespeare's own addition to the plot. Its effectiveness as a device for enhancing the complication is obvious.

IV. iii. 23. God delay our rebellion! *I.e.* against Him, or against our true selves. Cf. *our own traitors* (l. 25), *contrives against his own nobility* (l. 29).

IV. iii. 31. Is it not meant damnable in us? Is not our intention a damnable one?

IV. iii. 99. an abstract of success. "A successful summary proceeding." (Schmidt.)

IV. iii. 136. Hoodman comes! An allusion to the game of hoodman-blind, now known as blind-man's buff. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 77.

IV. iii. 175. in the nature. After the fashion in which.

IV. iii. 183. this present hour. *Only* this present hour.

IV. iii. 280. He will . . . cloister. "He will steal

anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy." (Johnson.)

IV. iii. 297, 298. A reference to the use of the drum to announce the arrival of strolling actors.

IV. iii. 301. *Mile-end*. Where the London militia was drilled. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, III. ii. 298-306.

IV. iii. 306. *the rarity*. The very excellence of his performance.

IV. iii. 333. *beguile the supposition of*. Create a false opinion in the mind of.

IV. iv. 7. *flinty Tartar's bosom*. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 30-33.

IV. iv. 30. *Yet, I pray you*. Helena's *yet* takes up again, after Diana's interruption, the *yet* of l. 27.

IV. iv. 31. *with the word*. Even while we speak.

IV. iv. 35. *the fine's the crown*. *Finis coronat opus*.

IV. v. 1-4. *Snipt-taffeta . . . colour*. Both *snipt-taffeta* and *saffron*, like *red-tail'd* in l. 7, refer contemptuously to Parolles's dress (cf. II. iii. 214, 264, 265; II. v. 48; III. v. 88; etc.). The frequent use of saffron not only as a dye in starch, but also for coloring pastry (cf. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 48), suggests the figure in *unbak'd and doughy*.

IV. v. 22. *grass*. An obvious pun upon *grace*, l. 18.

IV. v. 41. *'a has an English name*. Black Prince (l. 44) is of course used in a double sense. If the Folio reading *maine* ("mane") is correct (*name* is Rowe's emendation), the reference is probably to the shagginess of the conventional stage Devil. The mention of the *hotter fisnomy* is another of the numerous allusions to the so-called French disease. Cf. II. ii. 23 and IV. v. 100.

IV. v. 57. **the flowery way.** Cf. *Macbeth*, II. iii. 21; *Hamlet*, I. iii. 50.

IV. v. 103. **two pile and a half.** A reference to the closeness of the pile of velvet. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, I. ii. 32-36.

IV. v. 107. **carbonado'd.** Scored across, like a piece of meat for broiling. Cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. v. 199.

V. i. 5. s. d. **a Gentle Astringer.** The reading of the First Folio. Ff<sub>3-4</sub> read *Enter a Gentleman a stranger*. An astringer was a falconer, and since there is nothing to indicate such a calling on the part of the courtier, who is elsewhere referred to only as *Gent.* (or *Gen.*), it has been conjectured that the later Ff. are correct. This is both plausible and tempting, but considering the vogue of falconry, emendation is unsafe.

V. ii. 25. **ingenious.** Perhaps, tricky.

V. ii. 26. **similes of comfort.** Consoling similes (*i.e.* *Fortune's close-stool*, *Fortune's cat*, etc.), with ironical reference on the Fool's part to Parolles's *metaphor* (l. 12). F<sub>1</sub> reads *smiles*. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, I. ii. 89, for the same misprint.

V. ii. 42. **more than word.** A play on Parolles's name, which in French is the plural of "word." Ff<sub>3-4</sub> read *one word*.

V. ii. 42. **Cox my passion.** A distortion of "God's my passion."

V. iii. 3, 4. **to know Her estimation home.** To appreciate her thoroughly.

V. iii. 6. **Natural rebellion.** The rebellion of nature. Cf. IV. iii. 23.

V. iii. 6. **The blaze of youth.** *Blaze* is Warburton's emendation for *blade* of the Folio, the sense of which would

be "the spring-time of youth." With the passage as it stands in the text, cf. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 115-120; III. iv. 82-85.

V. iii. 17. **richest eyes.** Eyes that have seen most. Cf. *As You Like It*, IV. i. 24.

V. iii. 22. **repetition.** *I.e.* of our harsh feelings toward him.

V. iii. 29. **All . . . Highness.** He is your Highness's to command.

V. iii. 32. **a day of season.** A seasonable day. For the construction, cf. *Winter's Tale*, III. ii. 107, *strength of limit*, *i.e.* limited strength.

V. iii. 52. **Thence it came.** *I.e.* from this contempt. Bertram is dexterously turning his previous admiration for Lafeu's daughter into an explanation of his attitude toward Helena (to whom *she* of l. 53 refers).

V. iii. 65, 66. **Our own love . . . the afternoon.** A puzzling passage, upon which the commentators have wreaked much ingenuity. It perhaps means nothing more than that love, even when (as in Bertram's case) it awakes too late, has at least the grace of tears, while shameful hate (with which the King does not yet charge Bertram) never awakes at all. But the King seems to be generalizing with little or no specific application.

V. iii. 79. **The last . . . leave.** The last time that she took leave of me.

V. iii. 96, 97. **subscrib'd To mine own fortune.** Made a full statement of my affairs.

V. iii. 100. **In heavy satisfaction.** With sorrowful conviction.

V. iii. 102. **the tinct and multiplying medicine.** The elixir that transmutes the baser metals into gold.

V. iii. 121-123. **My fore-past proofs . . . too little.** My former fears, based on such evidence as I then had, can scarcely now be censured as delusive, since I have rather, in my folly, feared too little.

V. iii. 131. **for four or five removes come short.** Come short (of overtaking the King) by four or five post-stages.

V. iii. 148. **Toll for this.** The reference is probably to certain statutes regulating the sale of horses at fairs, rather than to ringing a knell, and the sense is that Lafeu will buy a properly registered son-in-law and advertise Bertram as for sale.

V. iii. 199, 200. Apparently a slip, as Diana has not said this.

V. iii. 216. **her modern grace.** *Modern* is used in its usual Shakespearean sense of "common, ordinary." Bertram is emphasizing Diana's cunning, but wilfully minimizing her attractions.

V. iii. 305. **Exorcist.** Here, one who can *raise* spirits. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 323.

V. iii. 335. **The king's a beggar ; i.e. for the "expressed content" of applause.**



## Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

- I. i. 129. sitting] Johnson; setting Ff.  
172. wear] Capell; were Ff.  
ii. 56. Thus] Pope; This Ff.  
iii. 91. o'er] Rowe; ore F<sub>1</sub>; one Collier.  
119. [Diana no] Theobald; Ff *omit*.  
177. loneliness] Theobald; loueliness Ff.  
183. the one to the other] 'ton tooth to th' other Ff.
- II. i. 43. with his cicatrice, an] Theobald; his sicatrice, with an F<sub>1</sub>.  
64. fee] Theobald; see Ff.  
147. fits] Theobald *conj.*; shifts Ff.  
176. otherwise; nay] Malone *conj.*; otherwise, ne F<sub>1</sub>.  
195. heaven] Thirlby *conj.*; helpe F<sub>1</sub>.  
iii. 35. facinorous] Steevens; facinerious Ff.  
68. *After father, Ff. insert [She addresses her to a Lord.*  
127. stand] Rowe; stands Ff.  
132. when] Thirlby *conj.*; whence Ff.  
309. detested] Rowe; detected Ff.
- v. 29. End] Collier; And Ff.  
94. Keightley's arrangement. Ff. *give whole line to Helena.*
- III. i. 9. 1 Lord] French E. Ff.  
17. 2 Lord] Rowe; Fren. G. Ff.

- ii. 9. sold] F<sub>3</sub>; hold F<sub>1</sub>.  
 20. E'en] Theobald; In Ff.  
 47, etc. 1. Lord] French E. Ff.  
 49, etc. 2. Lord] French G. Ff.  
 65. 1. Lord] 1 G. Ff.
- vi. 1, etc. 1. Lord] Rowe; Cap. E. Ff.  
 3, etc. 2. Lord] Rowe; Cap. G. Ff.  
 38. his] Rowe; this Ff.  
 40. ore] oar Theobald; ours Ff.
- vii. 34. this] F<sub>2-4</sub>; F<sub>1</sub> omits.
- IV. i. 1. 1. Lord] 1. Lord E. Ff.  
 9, etc. 1. Lord] Lord E. Ff.
- ii. 38. *Hopelessly corrupt*.
- iii. 1, etc. 2. Lord] Cap. G. Ff.  
 3, etc. 1. Lord] Cap. E. Ff.  
 158. All's one to him] Capell; *continued to Parolles* Ff.  
 222. lordship] Pope; Lord Ff.  
 268. our] Capell; your F<sub>1-2</sub>; the F<sub>3-4</sub>.
- v. 19. [salad] sallet Rowe; Ff. omit.
- V. ii. 26. similes] Theobald; smiles Ff.
- iii. 6. blaze] Theobald *conj.*; blade Ff.  
 27. 1. Lord] Gent. Ff.  
 155. sith] Dyce; sir, F<sub>1</sub>.  
 158. s. d. and Diana] Rowe; *Diana and Parolles* Ff.  
 216. infinite cunning] Singer; insuite comming F<sub>1</sub>.

## Glossary

- 'a, he; IV. v. 41.  
abuse, maltreat, offend; V. iii. 295: deceive; V. iii. 299.  
act, activity, active service; I. ii. 30.  
addition, title; II. iii. 134: augmentation; IV. ii. 3.  
admiration, wonder, wonderful object; II. i. 91.  
adoptious, assumed or adopted; I. i. 188.  
advertisement, advice; IV. iii. 240.  
advice, judgment, consideration; III. iv. 19.  
against, in the face of; I. iii. 180.  
ample, amply, thoroughly; III. v. 46.  
an, if; II. i. 29.  
anatomize, dissect; IV. iii. 37.  
appeach, inform against; I. iii. 197.  
appliance, cure; II. i. 116.  
appointment, engagement; II. v. 72.  
apprehensive, capricious, fastidious; I. ii. 60.  
aproof, approval; I. ii. 50.  
approve, confirm, vouch for; I. ii. 10: try, prove; I. iii.  
234.  
araise, raise up; II. i. 79.  
armipotent, mighty in arms; IV. iii. 264.  
artist, learned and expert physician; II. iii. 10.  
attend, be in attendance on; I. i. 4: await; II. iii. 57.  
authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. iii. 14.  
avail, profit, advantage; III. i. 22.  
bare, shave; IV. i. 54.  
barnes, children (with a quibble); I. iii. 28.  
bate, remit; II. iii. 234.  
bated, excepted; II. i. 13.

- bauble**, the Fool's baton; IV. v. 32.  
**board**, woo; V. iii. 211.  
**botcher**, mender of old clothes; IV. iii. 211.  
**braid**, deceitful; IV. ii. 73.  
**brave**, fine, splendid; II. i. 25.  
**bravely**, boldly, or (perhaps) finely, in a showy manner; II. i. 29.  
**braving**, defiant, threatening; I. ii. 3.  
**breathe**, take exercise; II. iii. 272.  
**breathing**, exercise; I. ii. 17.  
**brief**, contract (here, betrothal); II. iii. 186: a brief account; V. iii. 137.  
**broke**, act as a procurer; III. v. 74.  
**broken**, with gaps in the teeth; II. iii. 66.  
**bunting**, a bird like the lark, but almost songless; II. v. 7.  
**by**, about, concerning; V. iii. 237.
- canary**, a quick and lively dance; II. i. 77.  
**capable** (of), susceptible (to); I. i. 106, 223.  
*capriccio*, Ital., caprice, fancy; II. iii. 310.  
**careless**, not cared for; II. iii. 170.  
**case**, flay, skin; III. vi. 111.  
**cassock**, military cloak; IV. iii. 192.  
**catastrophe**, end, conclusion; I. ii. 57.  
**catch**, seize (mentally), perceive; I. iii. 176.  
**challenge**, assert; II. iii. 141.  
**change**, exchange; III. ii. 100.  
**chape**, the metal tip of a scabbard; IV. iii. 164.  
**charge**, expense; II. iii. 121.  
**check**, rebuke, chide; I. i. 76.  
**chough**, jackdaw; IV. i. 22.  
**christendom**, Christian name; I. i. 188.  
**cite**, recount, bear witness to; I. iii. 216.  
**coil**, turmoil, bustle, fuss, ado; II. i. 27.

- collateral**, indirect; I. i. 99.  
**commission**, warrant; II. iii. 279.  
**commoner**, prostitute; V. iii. 194.  
**companion**, fellow; V. iii. 250.  
**company**, companion; IV. iii. 37.  
**composition**, compact, agreement; IV. iii. 22.  
**compt**, account, reckoning; V. iii. 57.  
**con thanks**, be thankful; IV. iii. 174.  
**condition**, character; IV. iii. 196: habits; IV. iii. 288.  
**congied**, taken leave; IV. iii. 100.  
**consolate**, console; III. ii. 131.  
**conversation**, intercourse; I. iii. 240.  
**coranto**, a lively spirited dance; II. iii. 49.  
**count (of)**, attend to; IV. iii. 258.  
**County**, Count; III. vii. 22.  
**cozen**, cheat; IV. ii. 76; IV. iv. 23.  
**credence**, belief, confidence; III. iii. 2.  
**curious**, careful; I. ii. 20.  
**curiously**, carefully; IV. iii. 39.  
**Curtal**, bob-tailed (used as a horse's name); II. iii. 65.  
**curvet**, prancing; II. iii. 299.  
**customer**, prostitute; V. iii. 287.
- dear**, heartfelt, coming home to one closely; IV. v. 12; V. iii. 18.  
**debauch**, debase; II. iii. 145.  
**debile**, weak; II. iii. 41.  
**defective**, wanting, coming short; II. iii. 161.  
**deliverance**, utterance; II. i. 85; II. v. 4.  
**desperate**, reckless; II. i. 187.  
**dial**, watch; II. v. 6.  
**diet**, keep fasting; IV. iii. 34; V. iii. 221.  
**digest**, absorb; V. iii. 74.  
**dilated**, expanded, detailed; II. i. 59.

- discover, reveal; IV. i. 80.  
 dispatch, business; IV. iii. 104.  
 disposition, mood; III. vi. 47.  
 dissolve, separate; I. ii. 66.  
 distempered, boding change of weather, stormy; I. iii. 157.  
 doctrine, learning; I. iii. 247.
- ear, plow, till; I. iii. 47.  
 emboss, run to cover, close around; III. vi. 107.  
 embowel, exhaust, empty; I. iii. 247.  
 empiric, quack; II. i. 125.  
 enforce, force, press (something) upon; II. i. 129.  
 engine, device, contrivance; III. v. 21.  
 engross, gain exclusive possession of, concentrate in one's own possession; III. ii. 68.  
 enjoined, under a vow; III. v. 97.  
 entail, the settlement of the succession of a landed estate; IV. iii. 313.  
 entertainment, service; III. vi. 12; IV. i. 17.  
 esteem, worth; V. iii. 1.  
 even, full; V. iii. 326.  
 even, keep pace with, act up to; I. iii. 3.  
 event, outcome, chance; III. ii. 107.  
 examine, call in question; III. v. 66.  
 exception, contradiction; I. ii. 40.  
 expect, look for; II. iii. 189.  
 expedient, proper, suitable; II. iii. 186.  
 express, declare; V. iii. 50.  
 expressive, communicative; II. i. 54.
- facinorous, infamous, atrocious; II. iii. 35.  
 fact, evil deed; III. vii. 47.  
 faith, religious belief; IV. i. 83.

- fancy**, love; V. iii. 214.  
**fated**, fateful, supposed to determine our fates; I. i. 232.  
**favour**, look, appearance; I. i. 107; V. iii. 49.  
**fee**, reward; II. i. 63.  
**fee-simple**, absolute possession; IV. iii. 311.  
**file**, roll, muster-list; III. iii. 9.  
**find**, detect, see through; II. iii. 216; II. iv. 32.  
**fine**, subtle; V. iii. 270.  
**fine**, end; IV. iv. 35.  
**fisnomy**, physiognomy; IV. v. 42.  
**fistula**, a long, sinuous ulcer; I. i. 39.  
**flesh**, gratify; IV. iii. 19.  
**follow**, attend on, wait on; II. i. 102.  
**fond**, foolish; I. i. 188; V. iii. 178: foolishly; I. iii. 76.  
**forehorse**, foremost horse of a team; see note, II. i. 30.  
**forsake**, refuse; II. iii. 62.  
**found**, equipped; II. i. 105. See *find*.  
**frank**, liberal, bountiful; I. ii. 20: free; II. iii. 61.  
**furnish to**, equip for; II. iii. 307.  
**furniture**, equipment, trappings; II. iii. 65.  
  
**gamester**, prostitute; V. iii. 188.  
**gossip**, stand sponsor to, christen; I. i. 189.  
**gross**, palpable; I. iii. 178.  
  
**haggish**, like a hag; I. ii. 29.  
**hand**, "in any h.," in any case; III. vi. 45.  
**hawking**, hawk-like, keen; I. i. 105.  
**heraldry**, valid title; II. iii. 280.  
**herb of grace**, rue; IV. v. 18. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. v. 181, 182.  
**higher**, farther; IV. iii. 50.  
**hilding**, a worthless person; III. vi. 3.  
**honest**, chaste; IV. ii. 11.  
**honesty**, chastity; III. v. 14.

hoodwink, blindfold; III. vi. 25; IV. i. 90.

host, lodge; III. v. 97.

idle, silly, absurd; II. v. 54; III. vii. 26.

importing, full of meaning, significant; V. iii. 136.

in, to harvest, house; I. iii. 48.

inducement, instigation; III. ii. 91.

infix, imprint; V. iii. 47.

inhibited, prohibited; I. i. 159.

innocent, idiot; IV. iii. 214.

instance, cause, motive; IV. i. 45.

intimate, suggest, imply; II. i. 186.

into, upon; I. iii. 260.

issue, fruit, result; II. i. 109.

joul, thrust, knock; I. iii. 58.

justify, attest, confirm; IV. iii. 64.

kicky-wicky, sweetheart, wife; II. iii. 297.

kind, nature; I. iii. 67.

knowingly, by experience; I. iii. 256.

lapse, deviation from rectitude, moral slip; II. iii. 170.

lead, carry; IV. iii. 297.

leaguer, camp; III. vi. 27.

leg, a bow (made by drawing one leg backward); II. ii. 10.

level, the direction of one's aim; II. i. 159.

lie, lodge; III. v. 34.

ling, cheap salted fish; III. ii. 14.

linsey-woolsey, fabric woven of mixed wool and flax, hence,  
a medley; IV. i. 12.

list, boundary, limit; II. i. 53.

livelihood, liveliness, animation; I. i. 58.

longing, belonging; IV. ii. 42.

lustig, Ger., merry, II. iii. 47.



- magnanimous**, bold, heroic; III. vi. 70.  
**manifest**, well known; I. iii. 229.  
**measure**, dance; II. i. 58.  
**medicine**, physician; II. i. 75.  
**mell**, meddle, have to do; IV. iii. 257.  
**misdoubt**, mistrust; III. vii. 1.  
**misprise**, undervalue, despise; III. ii. 33.  
**misprision**, error, disdain; II. iii. 159.  
**modern**, commonplace, ordinary; II. iii. 2; V. iii. 216.  
**module**, mere image; IV. iii. 114.  
**moiety**, half; III. ii. 69.  
**monstrous**, enormously, exceedingly; II. i. 187.  
**monumental**, memorial; IV. iii. 20.  
**morris**, morris-dance; II. ii. 26.  
*Mort du Vinaigre*, Fr., a meaningless oath; II. iii. 50.  
**motion**, sense; III. i. 13: act; V. iii. 264.  
**motive**, agent; IV. iv. 20.  
**muse**, wonder; II. v. 70.  
**mystery**, skill in one's calling; III. vi. 68.
- naturalize**, initiate; I. i. 222.  
**nature**, quality, kind; III. i. 17: almost equivalent to "cause"; V. iii. 23.  
**naughty**, good for nothing; V. iii. 254.  
**next**, nearest; I. iii. 63.  
**nice**, trifling; IV. iii. 105: punctilious; V. i. 15.  
**note**, mark of distinction; I. iii. 163: attention; III. v. 104.
- of**, in, I. i. 7; V. iii. 1: as regards; II. iii. 126: on; III. v. 103.  
**office**, to perform offices or functions; III. ii. 129.  
**ordinary**, a public meal at a fixed price; II. iii. 211.  
**outward**, uninitiated; hence, *outward man*, an outsider; III. i. 11.

- overlooking, supervision, oversight; I. i. 45.  
 over-night, last night; III. iv. 23.  
 owe, have, own, possess; II. i. 9; II. v. 84; V. iii. 297.  
  
 parcel, party, group; II. iii. 58.  
 pass, repute; II. v. 58.  
 passage, that which passes or happens, an occurrence;  
 I. i. 20.  
 passport, dismissal; III. ii. 58.  
 Pepin, King of the Franks (mentioned as one long dead);  
 II. i. 79.  
 persecute, pursue, follow up; I. i. 16.  
 perspective, a glass that produces an optical illusion;  
 V. iii. 48.  
 plausible, pleasing, winning; I. ii. 53: specious, plausible;  
 IV. i. 29.  
 poise, weigh; II. iii. 161.  
 port, gate; III. v. 39.  
 practicer, practitioner; II. i. 188.  
 predominant, supreme in influence; I. i. 211.  
 present, immediate; II. v. 61.  
 presently, immediately; II. iii. 166.  
 pretence, pretext; IV. iii. 57.  
 prevent, frustrate, forestall; III. iv. 22.  
 prime, youth; II. i. 185.  
 proceed, take place, be done; IV. ii. 62.  
 profession, what one professes to be able to do; II.  
 i. 86.  
 proper, one's own; IV. ii. 49; IV. iii. 29.  
 property, inherent quality; II. iii. 137.  
 provide, supply with what is needful; III. iv. 40.  
 pudding, sausage; II. ii. 29.  
 punk, strumpet; II. ii. 24.

- quart d'écu*, a quarter of a French crown; IV. iii. 311;  
V. ii. 35.
- quatch-buttock, a flat or squat buttock; II. ii. 18.
- quean, wench, hussy; II. ii. 27.
- questant, seeker, aspirant; II. i. 16.
- quirk, caprice, a sudden turn or start; III. ii. 51.
- quote, set down; V. iii. 205.
- rate, estimate, value; II. i. 182: price; V. iii. 91, 217.
- rather, sooner; II. i. 106.
- ravin, ravening; III. ii. 120.
- receiv'd, accredited, fashionable; II. i. 57.
- recover, restore; III. ii. 22.
- rector, the head of a religious house; IV. iii. 69.
- remainder, the residual interest remaining over from a particular estate; IV. iii. 313.
- remorseful, compassionate; V. iii. 58.
- render, report, state; I. iii. 236.
- repair, restore; I. ii. 30.
- repeal, recall; II. iii. 55.
- resolvedly, satisfactorily, clearly; V. iii. 332.
- respect, reason, motive; II. v. 71.
- retrograde, moving backward, retreating; I. i. 212.
- ring, circuit, round; II. i. 165.
- ring-carrier, go-between; III. v. 95.
- ruttish, lecherous; IV. iii. 243.
- sadness, seriousness; *in good sadness*, in earnest; IV. iii. 230.
- sanctimony, piety, devotion; IV. iii. 59.
- saucy, impudent, wanton; IV. iv. 23.
- science, knowledge, learning; V. iii. 103.
- seem, appear, show itself; II. iii. 186.
- sense, perception, apprehension; I. iii. 178: reason;  
II. i. 127.

- senseless, unreasonable; II i. 127.  
 sequent, consequent; II. ii. 56.  
 several, different, each his own; I. ii. 74.  
 shrewd, bad, mischievous; III. v. 71: sly, cunning; IV.  
 v. 66.  
 shrewdly, sharply, severely; III. v. 92.  
 shrieve, sheriff; IV. iii. 213.  
 sinister, left; II. i. 44.  
 sith, since; V. iii. 155.  
 sithence, since; I. iii. 124.  
 sleepy, sleep-inducing, associated with sleep; II. i. 167.  
 smack, smattering; IV. i. 18: taste, dash; II. iii. 237.  
 smock, a woman's undergarment, a woman; II. i. 30.  
 smoke, smell out, detect; III. vi. 111; IV. i. 30.  
 snuff, contempt; I. ii. 59.  
 solely, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 112.  
 solemn, formal; IV. iii. 89.  
 spacious, extended, elaborate; II. i. 51.  
 sportive, merry; III. ii. 109.  
 square, shape, regulate; II. i. 153.  
 staggers, bewilderment, confusion (suggested by the reel-  
 ing gait of a horse with the disease so-called); II. iii.  
 170.  
 stain, tincture, dash; I. i. 122.  
 stead, benefit, help; III. vii. 41.  
 still, always, constantly; I. iii. 210; IV. iii. 26.  
 stomach, inclination; III. vi. 67.  
 strong, certain, important; IV. iii. 65.  
 style, title, appellation; II. iii. 205.  
 success, issue, result; I. iii. 253; III. vi. 86.  
 suggest, tempt; IV. v. 47.  
 suggestion, incitement to evil, temptation; III. v. 18.  
 superfluous, having more than enough, luxurious; I. i.  
 116.

- taffeta**, a fine silken stuff; II. ii. 24.  
**take up**, rebuke, scold; II. iii. 218.  
**tax**, reproach, censure, charge; I. i. 77; II. i. 173.  
**that**, so that; I. iii. 218.  
**then**, than; II. i. 88.  
**top**, head; I. ii. 43.  
**triple**, third; II. i. 111.
- unclean**, not fair, ill; I. i. 48.  
**unhappy**, mischievous; IV. v. 66.
- validity**, value; V. iii. 192.  
**vent**, utterance; II. iii. 213.  
**virtuous**, endowed with virtues; I. i. 49; III. ii. 33.
- will**, lust; IV. iii. 19.  
**worthy**, deserved; IV. iii. 7.  
**write**, lay claim to; II. iii. 67: call one's self; II. iii. 208.
- yield**, deliver, exhibit; III. i. 10.

















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